

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

20th Year, No. 14.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1904.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



CHOOSE!

(See article page 8.)

Stop and Think.

If thou canst not continually recollect self, yet do it sometimes, at the least, once a day, namely, in the morning or at night, examine thyself what thou hast done—how thou hast behaved thyself in word, deed, and thought, for in these, perhaps, thou hast oftentimes offended against God and thy neighbor.

Our Sorrows.

The capacity of our sorrows belongs to our grandeur; and the loftiest of our race are those who have had the profoundest sympathies, because they have had the profoundest sorrows.

Pressing Forward.

A race is never won until the goal is reached, and a life-work should cease only with the ending of this life. In neither is there any place for standing still. Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor, whose lion of Lueerne stands as one of the high-water marks of modern art, was asked in his old age what he considered his best work. "My next," was the unfaltering answer. That life contains no place for resting was the belief of a great poet, when he wrote—

"The low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
The high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it."

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS—AND BEFORE.

The following poem is by J. T. Travis Barker, and one of many similar touching illustrations in his pamphlet descriptive of life in the Northwest. It is a true incident of how a family living in London amidst squalor and crime but fifteen years ago, are living in the west of Canada under most favorable auspices to-day. The verse is interesting as demonstrating the widespread utility of the Salvation Army, by whom the characters of the verse were redeemed from the apparently hopeless plight in which drink and other attendants on sin had enslaved them:

How dark the path I've trod, so long and lone
and weary—
From boyhood all dreary—till I heard the
Saviour call.
Pleasures sought in scenes, unflavored with the
breath of Him who died for all.
On the race-course, at the theatre, in the ball-
room, at the bar,
Drunken orgies, silly speeches, skits and scoff-
ings at the call.
Choosing wine to wisdom's ends—lost estate to
God and man.
Filling frame with rheum, not reason, self di-
vorced to all that's good.
Sleepless nights, long and fearful, ghostly pic-
tures of a coming doom.
Dreams perturbing, phantoms gliding, reappings
of a sinful past.
Money gone, by friends forsaken, sounds repeat-
ing heraldings of woe.
Children fled in worn and shoeless stocking,
frightened at my angry wien.
Empty cupboard, cheerless fire, uninvited wind
and cold, through broken windows came.
Sin reflecting hell below;
In a dark and shaded corner, little Joe lay cold
in death; from such sin to Christ his soul
had fled.
There's a Sister from the Refuge, come to pray
with brother Joe, but he's dead and gone
to Glory—
Mother had told the little sister so;
At the sight of that kind lady, I was making off
some usual haunt to go.
"Stay and hear my wondrous story," came the
words so sweet and loy.
She had heard our wretched story,
She had come to help, you know;
How I'd lost my situation, because to work I
would not go.
Long that day she prayed, and spoke—"Re-
demption's free to all."
Within my soul's cold callous nature, came God's
penetrating beams of light,

As she sang the "Depth of mercy," and "Wan-
derer, come home to-night!"
Through the nauseous air of that dark alley,
rang the vibrating strains,
Of many well-loved stories, and Jesus' power to
save.

'Tis fifteen years this autumn since that scene
which I relate,
And more I'd tell you if you'd time to wait.
We're here to-day, in a land of plenty, encom-
passed not by sin;
With swelling thoughts of Paradise, and home
so sweet within.
Life's one great sheaf of radiant sunshine, com-
mingling not with sin.
With a well-stocked farm and holdings,
And Christ to reign within.
Some would say these scenes are lonely;
What say you, sir? three days you lived within.

The settler to which Mr. Barker refers is to-
day in possession of 1,000 acres of farming and
grazing land, with every up-to-date accessory,
sons and daughters, wife and self-reflecting
signs of undisputed happiness. This same man
fifteen years ago homesteaded a quarter section.
Truly God's ways are marvelous.—Ex.

My Mother.

BY ADJT. JESSE McDONALD, LONDON RESCUE
HOME.

Mother! The very word thrills me through
and through. What memories crowd into my
mind; memories of childhood, sitting in the
twilight, and hearing her dear voice singing,
"What a Friend we have in Jesus," or "I am
so glad that Jesus loves me." Again in girlhood,
when her prayers and loving council kept my
feet from falling into many a snare. But the one
memory that stands out clearest, which brings
tears to my eyes, is the memory of the night
when, after a struggle, with many tears, she
kneelt with me and gave me to God for service—
gave me up to Him that I might go forward to
do my little part to help save the lost.

And when I entered into the work, at the Mas-
ter's call—the Rescue Work—"and when in the
battle's blazing heat, when flesh and blood would
quail," in the early days of our work, when I
visited in the lowest dens of iniquity in the city
where I worked, the very thought that my mother
was praying for me helped me in many a
dark hour to conquer.

I have had many blessings to thank God for,
but the greatest of all is an unselfish, beautiful,
loving, godly, Christian mother. Years have
come and gone since she went to the better land,
but her memory is still sacred to me. I often
long for the sight of her face and the sound of
her voice, but I can hear the voice of her Lord
and mine saying, "As one whom his mother
comforteth, so will I comfort you."

How often my heart has ached over mothers
who have brought their daughters to our Rescue
Homes. I pity the girls, oh, so much, but God
alone knows how I pity their mothers. I have
seen many, but there comes to my mind one es-
pecially, who brought her daughter, sorrowful
and ashamed. When the parting-time came it
was pathetic to see how each bore up for the
sake of the other. They never met again on
earth, but, through the mercy of God, the daughter
is waiting for the mother in the Homeland.

There are mothers and mothers. Some are
sorrowful and heart-broken over their wayward
daughters, and some, alas! I know, make light
of their daughter's sin. God pity the daughters
of such mothers, and help the mothers to see
the awful responsibility they are under.

Again, these poor girls who come to us who
have no mother, never knew a mother's love
and care. A broken-hearted one said to me a
few days ago, "If only my mother had lived I
would not be here."

I put down my pen and offer up a prayer to
God that, out of thankfulness to Him for what
He gave me, He will help me to "mother"
the motherless ones—the worse than motherless
ones—the little lambs, that they may all be
brought into His fold.

The awful thing about sin is not the punish-
ment it entails, but the guilt it brings.

AUXILIARY COLUMN.

OUR FRIENDS.

BY MRS. BLANCHE JOHNSTON, AUXILIARY SECRETARY.

"For looking backward through the year,
Along the way my feet have pressed,
I see sweet places everywhere,
Sweet places where my soul had rest.
My sorrows have not been so light,
The chastening hand I could not trace;
Nor have my blessings been so great
That they have hid my Father's face."

Our dear friends, the Auxiliaries, will rejoice
in the work the Salvation Army has been ac-
complishing during the past year. It has been
continuing the noble work for which it was born
—reaching out loving arms to lift up and save.
It has gone out into the low ways as well as the
highways, in its mission of love and mercy. The
hungry have been fed. Helpless childhood,
robbed of its sweetest joys, has been loved and
sheltered. Unfortunate, sorrowing womanhood
has been rescued. The pain of suffering hu-
manity has been alleviated. The gloom of the
prison cell has been brightened, and upon the
horizon of hundreds of despairing, shadowed
lives the star of hope has risen.

As our friends review their personal past they
doubtless see during the past year the "chasten-
ing hand," as well as the "sweet places." Many
of you have had your faith and courage tested
by bereavement, lonely hours, losses and sor-
rows, but I trust you have found out the secret
of triumphing through His grace; that through
the falling tear, and while the brow has been
throbbing, you have been able to say, "Thy will
be done." And where sweetness, and blessing,
and happiness have been your portion, may it
have been yours to "rejoice in the Lord, and in
everything give thanks."

"Time was, is past—thou canst not it recall;
Time is, thou hast—employ the portions small;
Time future, is not, and may never be;
Time present is the only time for me."

The past is behind us with its victories, the
future stretches before us with its possibilities
of love and service.

What opportunities for future service for the
Master open before us with the New Year. It
is an untrodden pathway, strewn with mercy and
chances for better service to our Christ.

What is this year going to mean to us?
Is it to mean more devoted service for our
King? A deeper consecration to His will? A
more joyful going-out after His needy ones?
For a life of consecration to the Christ means
a life of service to the creatures. "Lovest thou
Me?" asked the Saviour when talking with
Peter, after His death and resurrection; and
in response to the affirmative answer He said,
"Feed My lambs." The service shows the love.

"In blessing we are blest,
In labor find our rest;
If we bend not to the world's work, heart and
hand and brain,
We have lived our life in vain."

There are so many ways of doing the "world's
work." Our Auxiliaries have many claims upon
them in the various circles of which they form
a link. But we would remind them that a con-
tinuation of their interest and assistance in our
Army work will be acceptable to us. There is
so much to do, and we need their co-operation
and want them to have a share with us in up-
building the Lord's glorious Kingdom.

We have not heard from all our Auxiliaries
in response to the personal letter sent out a little
while ago.

The Commissioner will be glad if, among the
multitudinous calls, our friends will comply with
her request. The Commissioner desires to
double the number at present enrolled as mem-
bers of our Auxiliary Branch.

Life is too difficult to be able to do without
religion. To be a man, a right healthy and glad
man, is a noble thought; but without the sanc-
tions of religion, none but a very few have ever
persisted in even trying to be it.

OUR FRIENDS.

AUXILIARY SECRETARY.

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Chapter III.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

"Upon regaining my liberty the officer commanding sent for me, gave me a serious talking to, and urged me to be a better boy, saying that if I would make a good resolve they would give me every opportunity to rise in the regiment. Forthwith I was made into a lance-corporal, and for a time my life began to shape well. I was promoted from one rank to another in quick succession, until I found myself drill-instructor. It was at this time that the bandmaster sought me out and asked me to return to the band, which I was not anxious to do. My refusal occasioned some difficulty and to cheer myself up I began drinking. My spirits were so buoyant and my good will to all concerned of such a generous character that while on guard I gave the prisoners in my charge the opportunity of escaping to a neighboring tavern, then quite leisurely strolled down town myself and had some more drink. My appetite being especially good for intoxicating liquor, and never lacking companions to share a glass with me, my somewhat impoverished exchequer was soon exhausted, and from sheer necessity I was at length compelled to return to barracks. The reception there was as joyous as one might suppose under the circumstances. I was seized in true military style, lost my stripes, and in due course received a sentence of twelve months in the Royal Prison at Dublin. There was certainly enough to be seen there to make an impression upon me. I saw McCoy, a notorious man, flogged for his crimes. He had one day seized a guard by the beard and shoved him backward over a high verandah. Although for this great offence McCoy received twenty-five lashes, not a sound could be heard from his lips while they were being laid upon his naked back.

I succeeded, while in prison, in pleasing the officials, and found myself head-waiter, when my lot was considerably bettered.

Obtaining my freedom once more, I was anxious to celebrate the event; the boys took up a subscription for me, and soon I found myself down town drinking and carousing as badly as ever, and was sentenced again to eighty-four days' imprisonment.

The officers by this time were weary of me and my misdoings, which fact pleased me greatly, and I was accordingly discharged in ignominy, being considered incorrigible.

All this time I had not written to my people, keeping them in absolute ignorance of myself or my whereabouts. I was too ashamed to allow them a glimpse of my wicked life. Since the time I had ran away from home I had not even sent them a scratch of a pen, so they knew not whether I was dead or alive."

After wandering about in various parts of the British Isles, Jim found himself again in the South of England. Although he had been exceedingly anxious to obtain his discharge, having contrived to receive it in the manner described, his spirit was not yet satisfied, and a very short time indeed elapsed before he was a recruit in the 11th Devonshire Regiment Militia, enlisting under an assumed name. The McCoy previously re-

ferred to, strange to say, joined the regiment at the same time. In view of the past doings of Jim, it could not be hoped that he would behave himself for any great length of time. It was his fortune or pleasure to be constantly in trouble, and it only needed a few unpleasant remarks from some of the regular soldiers concerning the militiamen to start a row, in which Jim and McCoy figured very prominently, and found themselves as a reward in the guardhouse for the heroic defence of the name of the militiamen. One night both these desperadoes made their



escape. Jim made for Plymouth, and McCoy secreted himself somewhere else. Jim never heard of him afterwards.

Chapter IV.

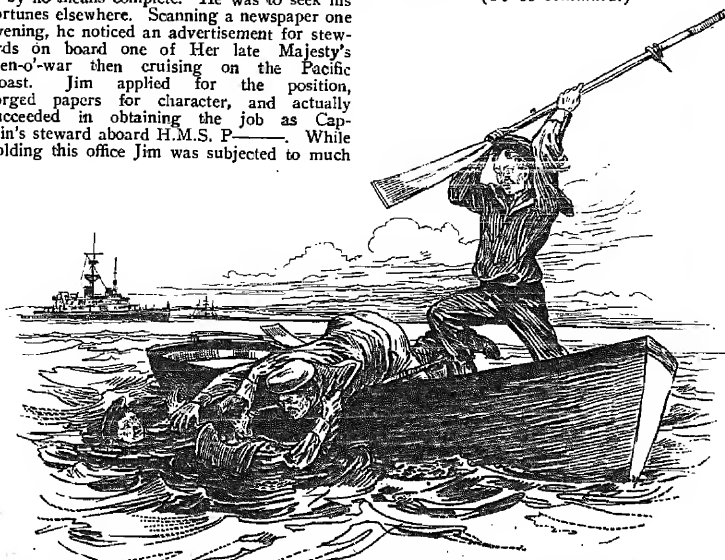
JIM BECOMES A SAILOR.

But Jim's story of adventure and misdoing is by no means complete. He was to seek his fortunes elsewhere. Scanning a newspaper one evening, he noticed an advertisement for stewards on board one of Her late Majesty's men-o'-war then cruising on the Pacific Coast. Jim applied for the position, forged papers for character, and actually succeeded in obtaining the job as Captain's steward aboard H.M.S. P—. While holding this office Jim was subjected to much

temptation while handling intoxicating liquors, got drunk and lost his position. The officer of the ship gave him the opportunity of becoming stoker, which Jim accepted, though it was certainly an "Irishman's promotion" with a vengeance. During the time, however, that Jim had been steward he had "learned a thing or two" about the larder belonging to the Captain. He knew, for example, where the whiskey bottles were to be found, and contrived to steal one away. He and a comrade soon disposed of its contents, without adulteration, which made both crazy, inasmuch that from stokers, in their own estimation they had been advanced in position above the authority of the Captain of the ship, and proceeded to make things bend to their will's generally. The Captain's skiff was anchored at the stern of the ship, and to this these two braves made their way. The quartermaster saw them gliding along and called to them, but they heeded not his command, but swung themselves free into the boat. "What are you doing?" he thundered in a fierce voice. No answer came. "Away dingy! Man overboard!" Immediately a boat manned by sailors put after the fugitives, who, seeing their case hopeless, fell into the sea. A moment or two later a hand was stretched out to pull Jim into the boat. The latter gave him a pull, and the would-be rescuer joined him in the water. A second hand got hold of Jim; but he, too, was dragged out of the boat. By this time a second boat had put out from the man-o'-war and gave chase. A third man reached after Jim and tumbled into the ocean a second after. A fourth collared Jim. He, too, joined the company in the sea. The situation was most aggravating and desperate, and a sailor ended it by stunning the culprit with a blow from an oar. His insensible body was taken back to the ship, where he was put in irons, and afterwards placed for fifty-six days in the ——— penitentiary, in the absence of a naval prison, for safe custody.

When this term of confinement was completed the ship's officer sent for Jim, and gave him a good lecture, for which he only received insolence. Jim was then taken aboard the flagship to be tried, where he was sentenced to be placed in irons to be sent, in due time, to a guardship, then near South America. However, through an unforeseen circumstance, Jim was allowed to go on shore and witness a football match, being given a pretty broad hint that his services were no longer required. At any rate the officer spoke in such a manner as to leave no uncertainty whatever in the mind of Jim that they would consider it a happy release if he would run away, and in the manner we have described gave him every opportunity. Jim accordingly escaped to Victoria, and eventually landed in Seattle, without money or friends, and knew for a time great hardship.

(To be continued.)



"A Sailor Roped It by Stunning the Culprit with a Blow from an Oar."



Great Britain.

The Salvation Army in Lancashire is having a "move on" in the populous city of Manchester. The St. James' Theatre has been taken for a period of three months, and this spacious building was opened on Dec. 4th and 5th as the battleground for salvation fighting.

In one week the Green Street Laundry washed and sent home to our City Colony institutions in London, Eng., 1,433 sheets, 565 pillow-slips and 52 quilts.

Adj. Smith, of the Hanbury Joinery Works, London, Eng., has just received the certificate of the Royal Humane Society for saving a boy's life at Southend last summer. He values it highly, but he treasures still more the grateful letters which he receives periodically from the boy he saved, and the boy's mother.

A gang of rough lads were doing their best to break up an Army open-air meeting in England, when, to their consternation, a drunken woman rushed amongst them and speedily put them to flight, remarking, "She wasn't going to let those good people, what were so kind to the poor, be insulted by the likes o' them."

Referring to the General, the British Cry states this week:

"The General's health continues good. Last week brought him a trying ordeal in the parting with Commissioner Booth-Tucker, but he bore it with the same fortitude and resignation which he has exhibited throughout the long, dark night of this great sorrow. As always, next to his faith in God, the General finds solace in down-right hard work. He is at the present moment busily occupied in preparing for the coming International Congress—an event which grows in magnitude and importance every day."

The British Christmas War Cry promises to be an excellent production of 20 pages, with four colored pages.

Before leaving for his return to the United States, officers of all grades in London, Eng., were, through the kindly invitation of the Chief of the Staff, given an opportunity of meeting and saying God-speed to Commander Booth-Tucker. The informal gathering took place in the Memorial Hall.

United States.

The Salvation Army in the United States this Christmas expects to feed 250,000 poor people.

In New York City the dinner will be given in the Grand Central Palace, where 180 tables will be spread. For this great feed 2,000 pounds of coffee, 5,000 loaves of bread, and 1,800 pounds of sugar, besides other edibles will be required.

The N. Y. Cry tells us that the coming American Christmas number will be "a record-breaker, an eye-opener, a history-maker, a thing to delight in and keep for future reference." We are on the look-out for it.

The sum of \$82,567.45 was raised in the U. S. A. for Self-Denial. We congratulate our cousins on this magnificent total.

Commander Booth-Tucker, on his visit to England, gave out the following information respecting his command to a Daily News reporter:

"Seven years ago we had 700 institutions in America; now we have 900. Seven years ago we had 2,000 officers; now we have 3,280. Seven years ago we were sheltering nightly 600 persons; now we are sheltering nightly 10,000 persons in our institutions for the poor. During the same period we were distributing in

relief for the poor \$20,000 a year; now we are spending \$800,000."

Asked as to the social conditions in big American cities as compared with those of England, Commander Booth-Tucker said:

"I think the condition is better there than here. Suppose you place, as is generally accorded, the submerged tenth at ten per cent. here, I should not place it there at more than five per cent. That comes to about 4,000,000. The tendency is much the same in their big cities as in our own in regard to the extreme congestion of population. They had, for instance, 1,000,000 immigrants landed during the last twelve months. While there was abundant room for them in the country districts, in the cities there was not; but they settled almost entirely in the cities. For instance, there was one tenement which will just illustrate that point. In each division there were three rooms per family for sixteen families. As a matter of fact there were forty-six families; and when the inspector came round the extra families would climb down the fire-escape at the back, and would come in again after he had gone! That was in New York."

The Life-Sketch of Consul Booth-Tucker is said to be now ready, and can be purchased in paper covers at 25c., and cloth covers at 35c. This book of 190 pages is edited by the Commander, and besides being printed in good, bold type, contains six pictorial illustrations.

Colonel Holz has secured a new design in Christmas collecting boxes, which we think is about the most unique yet to hand. It is shaped like a turkey dressed for cooking.

A brave Salvationist wife and mother is Mrs. Staff-Capt. McAbee, of Portland, Ore. In spite of the care involved in the charge of a family of four children, Mrs. McAbee has, during the past two years, by sheer hard work and plod, succeeded in raising the creditable sum of \$13,000 towards the erection of an Army building in Portland. But \$5,000 more is needed to start the building.

Australasia.

That the Army has by no means reached the limit of its usefulness, nor the measure of its public appreciation, in Australasia, is abundantly shown by the remarkable result of the Self-Denial Effort just concluded there.

When last year the total swelled to \$107,500 it was thought excellent, but the \$123,400 of the present year is a long way to the good.

To Commissioner McKie and worthy officers and forces the Salvationists of Canada respectfully proffer their sincerest congratulations.

From the Melbourne War Cry we learn that the news of the Consul's death was received with very great sorrow. From all over the Commonwealth messages were sent to Commissioner McKie, desiring him to convey to the General and the members of the family profound sympathy. Accompanying the sad intelligence appears some interesting notes on the Consul's life.

China.

Owing to a case of plague on board ship, a number of British bluejackets were recently sent ashore at Wei-Hai-Wei, China. There were three or four Naval and Military Leaguers in the party, and they held meetings, which resulted in several conversions.

A Naval and Military Leaguer requested permission to hold meetings on board ship. "How many of your Salvationists are there on board?" asked the commander. "Four or five, now, sir," answered the Leaguer. "Oh, so you are

increasing!" and, after a moment's thought, consented to one bell (12.30 and 4.30) meetings being held in the "port after casement." In the first meeting a backslider returned to God.

Germany.

A German Cadet-Lieutenant, who attended the General's recent councils at Berlin, was greeted with exclamations of astonishment when she returned to her corps.

"Dear me, Lieutenant," said one soldier after another, "how you have changed! What a different face! What has happened?"

"I have been to the Berlin Congress, and have attended the General's meetings," said the Lieutenant, simply, "and the Holy Ghost has made the difference."

Two new Army halls have just been opened in Berlin, in positions far more suitable to the requirements of our work in that city.

Holland.

A few days ago Commissioner Estill concluded his twenty-fifth year of officership. The officers of our Dutch Headquarters presented him with an address of congratulation on the happy occasion.

India.

In referring to our Rescue Home in Madras, India, the Madras Weekly Mail says:

"The Home has been in existence for the past twelve years, and during this period it has done incalculable good in saving women from a life of degradation and shame. The work is carried on zealously, but as privately as possible. No fallen woman who desires to regain an honorable status is rejected on account of caste, creed, or color. The doors of the Home are wide open to all, the only qualification being a desire to amend. No particular form of religion is taught, but life in the home is distinctly influenced by religion. The Gospel is read, hymns are sung, and the fundamental doctrines of Christianity are inculcated."

"Very quietly and unostentatiously has the Army been affording shelter and employment to those unhappy women, who, trying to regain lost ground, find themselves social Ishmaelites, and the success of its kindly efforts is proved by the fact that during the last six months 31 women have been received into the Home and tenderly cared for. Of these, 18 have left, 14 of whom are known to be doing well. Some of the women are, in due course, sent out to service, while others are restored to their friends; but none are sent out unprovided for, except for bad conduct. 'Forgive and forget,' is the motto of the Home."

Sweden.

Commissioner Hanna Ouchterlony has been conducting some meetings for the hooligan lads of Stockholm, which have been much appreciated. One of the Commissioner's next campaigns is in connection with the 20th anniversary of the Upsala corps, which she opened in 1883.

Mrs. Commissioner McAlonan has assisted the Commissioner on his recent tour through the Swedish Territory in the interests of the Self-Denial Effort. She has also conducted the Consul's memorial meeting in the Stockholm Temple, at which twenty souls sought salvation.

Finland.

At Sortavala, Finland, one of our Lieutenants has sustained a fracture of the skull by a stone thrown by a "rough" in a salvation meeting. The doctor at first feared the injury would prove fatal, but the Lieutenant has recovered, and is now out of hospital.

Even from the remotest corners of Finland touching evidences of sympathy with the General in the Army's recent loss have been received. The Consul's memorial meetings in that country resulted in the salvation of two hundred souls, amongst whom were numbers of the roughest element.



Canada on the 24th of

The C.P.R. Company and costs for opening the Viger Hotel, at Montreal.

The Grand Trunk deposited one million in stock with the Government out the G. T. Pacific.

The report of the Board that since British ports cattle the increases of Canada have been American supplies have

The Dominion Iron establish a plant for rails.

An enormous deposit found in the northern

The story comes from new gold finds, eclipsing

The Manitoba Government near Winnipeg for College.

Winnipeg's herd of coral, and are now

Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, foundland, the Labrador be brought within the

Two new vessels are eries protection service. Their speed will be respectively. The large the Atlantic coast sea the Vickers-Maxim twin-screw steamer and 25 feet beam, and She will have armors of 4,000 candelpower, sist of several pom-p felt quick-firing guns be built by the Poles. She will also be a two feet beam, and 540 ton men and her armament Nordenfelts. She will armament anything

U. S. Sittings.

Seven women-student seriously injured at the Walden University, Nashville, Tenn.

The cruiser Medj Government by the had a successful trial 22.28 knots an hour.

Troops are to be the Cripple Creek and og Colorado, where attended by a good

Mrs. Geneva Flaher way to her brother died on a Northern verdict was that death exposure. Mrs. Flah four children, who months to ten year Duluth jail on a charge was while struggling erty to provide food starved herself.

Senator Morgan States regarding Partition of war upon C

The typhoid fever was increased to a more deaths.

The friars' land, by the Administration be sold to the Filip



Canadian Cuttings.

The King has approved of his birthday being celebrated in Canada on the 24th of May as a general holiday.

The C.P.R. Company were fined one dollar and costs for opening a barber shop in the Place Viger Hotel, at Montreal, on Sunday.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company have deposited one million pounds of their guaranteed stock with the Government as security for carrying out the G. T. Pacific contract.

The report of the Board of Agriculture shows that since British ports were closed to Argentine cattle the increases of sheep and cattle from Canada have been greatly augmented and American supplies have greatly declined.

The Dominion Iron & Steel Company will establish a plant for the manufacture of steel rails.

An enormous deposit of copper has been found in the northern part of Cape Breton.

The story comes from Poplar Creek, B.C., of new gold finds, eclipsing all others of recent years.

The Manitoba Government has purchased a site near Winnipeg for a Provincial Agricultural College.

Winnipeg's herd of buffalo escaped from the corral, and are now wandering over the prairie.

Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, K.C., urges that Newfoundland, the Labrador coast, and Greenland be brought within the Dominion.

Two new vessels are being built for the fisheries protection service. Both will be cruisers. Their speed will be seventeen and sixteen knots respectively. The largest vessel is intended for the Atlantic coast service and will be built by the Vickers-Maxim Company. She will be a twin-screw steamer of 700 tons, 200 feet long and 25 feet beam, and will carry 60 bluejackets. She will have armored decks and a searchlight of 4,000 candlepower. Her armament will consist of several pom-poms and Maxim Nordenfelters quick-firing guns. The second cruiser will be built by the Polson Iron Works, Toronto. She will also be a twin-screw, 176 feet long, 22 feet beam, and 540 tons. Her crew will number 45 men and her armament will be pom-poms and Nordenfelters. She will outvie in speed and armament anything on the great lakes.

U. S. Sailings.

Seven women-students were killed and seven-teen seriously injured as the result of the fire at the Walden University for colored people, Nashville, Tenn.

The cruiser Medjidia, built for the Turkish Government by the Cramps at Philadelphia, had a successful trial trip, sustaining a speed of 22.28 knots an hour.

Troops are to be withdrawn gradually from the Cripple Creek and Telluride mining districts of Colorado, where strikes and miners have been attended by a good deal of lawlessness.

Mrs. Geneva Flaherty, of Duluth, while on her way to her brother's home in Mauston, Wis., died on a Northern Pacific train. The coroner's verdict was that death was due to starvation and exposure. Mrs. Flaherty was accompanied by four children, whose ages range from fifteen months to ten years. Her husband is in the Duluth jail on a charge of non-support, and it was while struggling against ill-health and poverty to provide food for her children that she starved herself.

Senator Morgan says the action of the United States regarding Panama is in effect a declaration of war upon Colombia.

The typhoid fever death list at Butte, Pa., was increased to a total of sixty-nine by three more deaths.

The friars' land, in the Philippines, bought by the Administration for about \$7,000,000, will be sold to the Filipinos on easy terms.

The United States ratified the new treaty of commerce with China.

At Washington President Roosevelt issued a proclamation reciting the passage of the Cuban reciprocity bill, and declaring the reciprocity treaty to be effective.

United States Senator Heyburn moved for the annexation of San Domingo, where another revolution has broken out.

British Briefs.

General Delarey made a speech to the Boer prisoners at Admadnager, Ceylon, and succeeded in persuading all but ten of them to sign the oath of allegiance to Great Britain. General Delarey spoke for five hours. These prisoners, numbering several hundred, have steadfastly refused to take the oath of allegiance, and have insisted that they must be treated as prisoners of war, since they have not been parties to the peace proposals. The authorities have offered them all kinds of inducements to take the oath, but they have steadfastly refused.

It seems to be impossible to eradicate cattle disease in Rhodesia.

As a result of the Australian general elections, the Labor party, which was largely supported by the women voters, holds the balance of power.

The British expedition which entered Thibet, after having crossed the Jelep Pass at 14,380 feet above the sea level, and reached Riuchangong, on its way to the Chumbi Valley, met with immense transport difficulties. The cold was intense, 36 degrees of frost being registered and anthrax broke out among the Napalez bullocks. Native Indian troops, British artillerymen, a detachment of the Norfolk Regiment, two seven-pounders and a machine gun form the expedition.

The grand Llama of Thibet has returned, unopened, communications from Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India.

International Items.

The situation in the far east is not improving, but so long as negotiations are not formally broken off there is hope of a peaceful settlement. Russia insists on full, unrestricted commercial freedom in Corea, and the cession of Masampo for the protection of the naval line between Vladivostok and Port Arthur. Japan, on the other hand, demands an absolutely free hand in Corea, both politically and commercially.

Positive announcement is made by Parisian papers that Victor Mercier, one of the directors of the Ministry of Justice, and reporter of the Dreyfus Commission, has concluded his report, and that it recommends a revision of the case.

Nine Russian warships arrived at Bizerta, Tunis, on their way to far east waters.

The waters of the Sea of Azof, southern Russia, have receded, leaving the seabed exposed for several versts.

A German sergeant charged with mistreatment of soldiers, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

It is expected that the powers will agree to the proposed establishment of the Cretan system of administration for Macedonia.

About 4,000 Jews at Kishineff are asking for aid to emigrate to Argentina or Canada. They want tracts of land to establish colonies.

It is reported that Britain and Holland will demand that Panama assume liability for \$15,000,000 of the Colombian debt.

Lieut. Schilling, of the German army, charged with cruelty to soldiers, was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment.

One group of the Russian Socialists party has adopted "terrorizing tactics" against the authorities.

It is announced that rich gold fields have been discovered in the Congo State.

It is a case of "all hands to the pump" in the printing and shipping department. An edition of 75,000 Crys of thirty-eight pages, including the cover, with the necessary stitching and trimming, is no small undertaking, and great credit is due to our industrious workers. Something can be judged of the enormous weight when the shipment of War Crys to one corps alone weighed seven hundred and fifty pounds.

A MEMORABLE SERVICE OF SYMPATHY.

THE GENERAL CONDUCTS A MEETING AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE DURING THE VISIT OF COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER TO LONDON.

A memorable service of sympathy in connection with the visit of Commander Booth-Tucker to London, was recently conducted by the General in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The Chief of the Staff, Mrs. Booth, Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, Commissioners Howard, Pollard, and Nicol, and other notables, took part. We are told that the brightly-illuminated Tabernacle, flashing with uniform, and unctonized by the spirit of the occasion, formed a vision that will never be obliterated from the memories of those who were privileged to be present.

The address of Commander Booth-Tucker was extremely touching. He was wondrously supported by God, and after a lengthy address concluded by saying: "I pass on to you, as his last message, a few concluding words from another of her last letters, written but a few hours before her death—'We must all keep our eyes on "The Gates," mustn't we? I want to, I am less in conceit with a worldly and fleshly life than ever I was, and more in love with the Army's standard, and with a life that is lived for others!'"

The General followed the Commander with a powerful, as well as intensely sympathetic, address, consisting of words of love, consolation, and courage for the bereaved husband, and the devoted officers, whose loss, if not so personal, is almost as great.

"But the sorrow," the General explained, "that has broken on me has overtaken others as well, and we are met together to-night to express the sympathy we feel for those over whom this cloud has hung the lowest."

"My heart is stirred to its depths," continued the General, as he stood up in the lofty rostrum, and became the object upon which the eyes, the sympathy, and the affection of this magnificent audience were focussed. His commanding and venerable figure has seldom been seen to nobler advantage; while the pathos of his great sorrow, not less than the impetuosity of his soul, sent his words thrilling home to every heart amongst us.

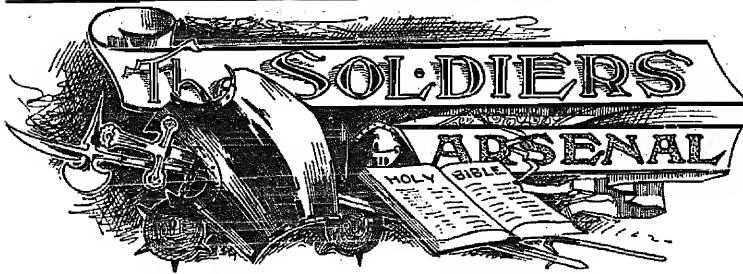
"This is a family gathering," he proceeded. "To a large extent you are Salvationists—in heart if not in name—knit together by the closest, the tenderest, and the strongest ties that can possibly bind you: the links of Christian brotherhood."

"Far be it from me to suppose that the Salvation Army is perfect; no one can point out its imperfections with a clearer finger than I myself. Notwithstanding, it is in many respects remarkably one. We are one in spirit: we have the Holy Ghost, and we are children of the one Father. One in affection: we love God and we love each other. One in our warfare: we love the poor sinners and seek to save them. One in our humanity: we pity suffering and delight to remove it. One in our warfare here, and we expect to live together in the skies for evermore."

"A common sorrow has brought us together. I need not mention it—you all know about it; more than I know myself. It has been brought vividly before you to-night by the precious countenance and the firm words of the dear Commander and the beautiful song of the darling, motherless child."

"The blow, as you all know, has fallen very heavily upon my own heart. So sudden, so unexpected, so contrary to my plans, so agonizing to my feelings, and so opposed did it appear to the best interests of the Kingdom, that when the thought of such a separation occasionally crossed my mind it was dismissed as being impossible. And yet the blow has fallen upon me; and I confess that, to my father's heart, it has been one of the greatest sorrows of my life."

The service, at which 3,000 people were gathered, was closed with a great consecration covenant, which the General read with impressive deliberation and meaning, and was sealed by the Holy Spirit.



Notes on Genesis.

Chapter XXXV.

JACOB AGAIN AT BETHEL.

Jacob's life of late had been full of anxieties and troubles, and he seems to scarcely know where to settle down, when God again speaks to him. Once more he is commanded to go to Bethel—the house of God. This is suggestive of God's command to all who are weighed down with cares and anxieties. Surely this is the best method of dealing with those things that burden us.

"Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer."

"The fear of Esau had occasioned Jacob's departure from Beersheba; the fear of the Canaanites his departure from Shechem. In both cases he went to Bethel—the house of God, the gate of heaven. In the former case he had the command of Rebekah, and the blessing and charge of Isaac; now he has the command of God. He seems to have been slow in fulfilling his vow at Bethel. At Succoth and Shechem he tarried many years. Probably the fear of Esau still detained him, and he would fain keep as remote from him as practicable. The secular cares of his large household and flocks, and the interests of his growing sons, had also occupied his thoughts. It was not until the shame and troubles of Shechem broke his sense of security, and the voice of God called him again, that he aroused from his neglect, put away the idols of his household, and proceeded to Bethel."

Jacob obeyed the voice of God, reminding his family as he commands them to prepare, that he will make an altar unto God, "who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went." Happy is the man who can give a reason for his religion. All the awakened memories of God's care are to enter into this new place of worship. Then God again met with His servant and blessed him, because of his obedience. Thirty years have passed since God appeared unto Jacob in the dream of the ladder—years of hope, of labor, of discipline, of sorrow, and of manifold cares. With this revelation his old secular life seems to have ended; he leaves all that to his sons, and hereafter he appears as the aged saint meditating the promises.

Another shadow now crossed Jacob's path, in the death of his wife, Rachel. After this he pushes on to see his father, Isaac, who is also at the point of death. On his decease the two brothers—like Isaac and Ishmael (chap. xxv. 29)—come together, both bound by tender affection for their venerable father, and the unhappy incidents of the past are hurried in the sorrow and sacredness of the present.

Our Sacred Charter.

IV.—THE PROPHETICAL BOOKS.

10.—THE BOOK OF MICAH.

Micah (Who is like unto Jehovah) was a native of Maresheth-gath, east of Eleutheropolis. He follows the three previous prophets and Isaiah (who survived him), reiterating their warnings. He died in the days of Hezekiah (Jer. xxvi. 18, 19). He is referred to as a prophet by Jeremiah; his language is quoted by Zephaniah (iii. 19) and Ezekiel (xxii. 27), and by our Lord (Matt. x. 35). He depicts the ruin of both kingdoms; portrays the future and better destinies of the people; shows the mercy

and justice of God in contrast with the ingratitude of His people, and foretells the invasions of Shalmaneser and Sennacherib, the depression of Israel, the cessation of prophecy, the destruction of Jerusalem and of Assyria, the birthplace of Christ, His divine nature, and the universality of His Kingdom.

According to the superscription, he prophesied during the reigns of Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, i.e., for a period of about fifty years, since Jotham came to the throne B.C. 756 and Hezekiah died B.C. 597. Hebrew tradition asserts that he transmitted from Isaiah to Joel, Nahum, and Habakkuk, the mysteries of the *Kabbala*. One prophecy (3-12) belongs to Hezekiah's reign, and probably preceded the great Passover (Jer. xxvi. 18).

Instruction Drill.

What a Soldier Should Know About His Duties and Privileges, and the Teaching of the Salvation Army.

XXIX.—INDUSTRY.

By industry we mean the intelligent, useful, and constant employment of all the faculties a man possesses, in promoting his own welfare and that of those about him.

Man was made to work. It was intended that he should be occupied all the time. It is God's intention still. "We commanded you," the apostle says, "that if any would not work, neither should he eat."

It is connected with your soul's prosperity. No circumstances are an excuse for being idle or unemployed. A rich man is as much under obligation to employ himself in the interest of God and of His Kingdom to the utmost of his opportunity and time as a poor man.

Nothing is more despised amongst worldly men than idleness, while, on the contrary, to be a hard-working, industrious individual is a passport to the esteem of most people. You will hear them say: "I don't like that man's Salvationism, but he is a downright hard-working man, and that I do admire."

Some people are naturally more given to work than others. Some are born anxious and active. To them work is not only a pleasure, but a necessity; they are happier when employed than they would be idle. Whereas, others are by nature easy-going, quiet people, given to taking things easy.

He should, therefore, cultivate a habit of industry, which may be done by attending to the following:

(a) He should never allow himself to be inactive. If he has nothing to do for himself, he should do something for others. If he has nothing for his hands to be engaged upon, he should engage his mind.

(b) He should read a verse of his Bible or call up to memory some text of Scripture.

(c) He should plan how to bestow some benefit on someone, or he can always engage his soul in prayer.

When time and energies are spent upon work that is useless, or actually injurious to others, that cannot be called good industry.

Industry is favorable to perseverance in holiness. It has been said that idle men do not need the devil to tempt them—they tempt themselves.

Industry is a good help in sorrow. In the midst of afflictions, bereavements, and persecutions, hard work will ever be a great help and comfort to the soul.

The industrious Salvation Soldier presents a good example to those about him, while an idle man will be universally despised.

The Fedora Brigade.

They stood in the open-air ring last Sunday afternoon. Not a bad looking lot of men either, but better looking still, I fancy, if their soft hats had been replaced by regulation Salvation Army caps. The dear brothers I am speaking about, I verily believe, were Salvationists in spirit, as was evidenced by the burning testimonies they gave in the open-air ring. I will try and briefly describe them.

First of the sextet came Brother Bashful. He is a fine specimen of humanity, standing nearly six feet in height, and well proportioned withal. He is "proper blood-and-fire"—all but the fedora hat. He has donned the red guernsey, and a shield adorns his breast. It's a pity he does not top it all with a regulation cap. I guess he will some day.

Next we come to Glory Jim. He has been a Salvationist since the Army first came to town. He is in full uniform, save the soft hat he wears. A splendid fellow in every sense, thoroughly trustworthy, and has the confidence of everybody. It's a pity he should cling tenaciously to his fedora.

The third comrade, Bro. Neglectful, doesn't seem particular what he wears; it isn't because he is poverty-stricken, either, for I know positively, as a tailor, he draws a very good salary. He seems so busy during the week making garments for other people that he does not spare sufficient time to make his own. He has been a soldier, to my knowledge, ten years, yet has not found the opportunity to stitch himself together a suit of uniform. An Army shield, however, adorns his breast, and, of course, he always wears a fedora.

The fourth dear brother—Cheerful—is an excellent fellow indeed—wears always on his face a good, cheerful smile that is quite captivating. He does not the uniform, and when questioned says he has no objection to wearing the Army suit of blue—oh, dear, no; none whatever. He has "the uniform in his heart." We tell him we would prefer it being where it could be better seen. This dear comrade, of whom we are very fond, notwithstanding all his shortcomings, crowns his wondrously-constructed civilian attire with a grey fedora. This, he tells us, he got at a bargain recently. We make a suggestion here to the Trade Secretary to have a bargain-day in Salvation Army caps.

The fifth brother—Zeal—is a spry young chap who has got into partial uniform, but for unknown reasons, though he has donned Salvation Army attire for some time, the fedora has yet to bid good-bye.

Brother Splendid-Looker is the last of the six we are discussing. It is no wonder that his tight-fitting civilian clothes should be further embellished with an up-to-date fedora. I am very much afraid in this case that pride of heart is the real cause of his keeping out of uniform. Anyway, whatever is the reason, wouldn't it be better, don't you think, if this fedora brigade donned full Salvation Army uniform, and "topped it off" with a regulation cap?

These brothers, with others, of course, always follow a full-uniformed brass band on the march, and cut rather a queer figure. Take my advice, brothers six, and ask the best price from the Trade Secretary on a full suit of uniform—cap included.

THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

How fortunate that Christmas comes in mid-winter. It helps make the festival what it ought to be—pre-eminently a home festival. As the snow and cold increase without, the heart warms within. There is no fire that kindles so bright a glow in the heart as the Christmas fire. It seems to burn out all selfishness, and surely there is no time in all the year when the tie of brotherhood is so strong, as it is this night over all Christendom. For once all men seem brothers, and feel kindly towards each other. Even the flinty heart of old Scrooge was made tender at the Christmas season, so that his hand slipped into his pocket for his wallet.

To most men, experience is like the stern-light of a ship, which illuminates only the track it has passed.

The Link that Saved the World.

BY BRIGADIER SOUTHALL.

(Concluded.)

Calvary.

"The chain is broken, and God's purpose is thwarted," is the derisive verdict we seem to hear in the jibe uttered by the rabble—"He saved others, Himself He cannot save!" How often have men and devils made the mistake of taking seeming defeat for actual conquest. The darkest moment, and when all seemed lost, was but the prelude to a shout of victory that would cause fiends to tremble, and fill earth and heaven with rejoicing.

The three years of public ministry, the fruits of which baffled His enemies, but which had been so beneficent to the poor, and the halt, and the maimed, are finished. The wrath of man serves to unfold the conditions that God requires for the master-stroke of His great plan. Jesus accepts the bitter cup, since there can be no alternative way of effecting the continuity of the mighty chain of which He Himself must be a part from beginning to end. Now the crucial moment is upon Him, and because it is upon Him it is also the supreme test of the chain of a world's redemption. Will it stand the test? Three worlds are interested—three worlds watch with breathless anxiety the great trial of its strength. Now sin exerts its fearful power upon it—now devils bend to break it—now death lends its leaden weight to bear it down—and the principles of darkness rally every auxiliary to the scene, pressing all into service to destroy it. Then, as His enemies were ready to gloat over their anticipated triumph, the shout of victory rang out from the cross: "It is finished!" Backward they fall, discomfited and defeated. All the foes of God and man are conquered, and the chain remains complete. "It stands!" cried the angels, and through all the heavens the triumphant shout went forth: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power . . . and blessing!"

Earth caught the echo of heaven's triumphant song, and joined in the victorious chorus. Then the apostles swelled it out—the martyrs sang it loud and strong—the redeemed all down the ages have rolled it on and on, until the song of redemption which echoes through all the world to-day is that which struck the key-note of victory over sin and death on Calvary's height two thousand years ago. Hallelujah!

The Resurrection.

"This must not be known, it must be hushed up at any price," was the excited reply of the Sanhedrim, the murderers of Jesus, to the soldiers who came and reported the mighty happenings of that most wonderful morning in all history. The hypocritical priests stroked their beards fiercely, betraying the anxiety and dismay that filled their hearts.

"How much money remains in the exchequer?" someone enquires, for it cost the highest religious court in the world a fabulous sum of money to kill the greatest man in the world. The spies who had tracked and hounded Him all through the country had demanded large fees. Then Judas Iscariot's conscience cost a good deal more than the thirty pieces of silver, while the moral convictions of a host of false witnesses at the trial had cost a great sum.

Still, these men must be bought over, even if some of the treasures of the temple were to be mortgaged to provide the means. So "they gave the soldiers large sums of money, saying, 'Say ye, His disciples came by night, and stole Him away while we slept.'"

But the ruse failed, and in spite of the opposition of devils, and the intrigues of men, it was soon known that the Man who was acknowledged by many as the Son of God had proven Himself a victor over death and the grave.

How many efforts have been made by sceptics, and the enemies of true religion, to undermine the great fact of the Resurrection—the most wonderful and the most important fact in the world's history. But it is so well attested by actual witnesses and contemporary history—and Jewish at that—as that no doubt can be successfully impugned upon it. The name of the actual

Cæsar who reigned upon the throne at Rome at the time is not even as well sustained as the fact of Christ's glorious triumph over the tomb.

This is important. For if the resurrection is a proven fact, then religion—Christ's religion—is a glorious fact, and thereby imposes a tremendous responsibility upon everyone who accepts the Bible as true. To millions no argument is needed to convince them of the truth, for the Christ who has risen in their hearts with healing and power, is the conclusive evidence afforded all who believe.

Glorious fact! This alone made possible the lives which the disciples lived, in suffering daily in witnessing to its truth and meaning, enduring tests of supreme pain and torture, and suffering fearful physical deaths rather than deny it. This was perpetuated by millions of martyrs of the first and second centuries, who had every opportunity of knowing whether the statement was true or false. The suffering, the faithfulness, the works, and the fruits of the labors of the early church cannot be accounted for apart from the life and the resurrection of the Christ. Nor can the continuous results of Christianity as the mightiest influence in the world to-day be accounted for by any other means.

"Up from the grave He arose
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes.
He arose a victor from the dark domain,
And He lives for ever with His saints to reign.
He arose! He arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!"

Ascension and Descent.

The last time that Jesus—in physical form, at least—will be manifest to His disciples has come. They scarcely expected that as they gathered for prayer and council in that upper chamber this particular evening such a significant event was so soon to take place.

He had not ascended to heaven immediately after His resurrection, for, as He had to educate and prepare the disciples for the event of His death, so now He has to adopt the same method in order that they shall be prepared for the fulfilment of the final link in the great plan of redemption. An impelling force was not alone sufficient for the great work with which they were to be entrusted, or if it were, their own inward feelings and waverings would have limited its power. Hence there was a work of preparation and regeneration to take place before that "endowment of power" could be bestowed.

Now, as He has remained sufficiently long to convince them of His divine origin and purpose by fulfilling thus far the things He had spoken to them of from the beginning, He suddenly appears in their midst to give final instructions, and to prepare them for the culminating point of His earthly ministry.

"Why are ye troubled?" He enquires, as they seem to startle at His presence, which indicates that their faith was still weak. "Then opened He their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures, and said unto them, 'Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day, and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem, and ye are witnesses of these things.'"

Then commenced that last wonderful and sacred journey of two miles, to Bethany. How full of incident was every step of the way! What marvelous things had happened in the six weeks since the valley into which they now descended had vibrated with the shouts of the excited multitude who cried: "Hosanna! Hosanna!" How impossible it seemed that almost within hearing of the same spot less than a week later the same air had trembled with the malignant yell of murderous rejection: "Away with Him! Crucify Him!" But Jesus did not give more than passing notice, if that, to the past. Their well-being, their future, their equipment for perpetuating the mighty enterprise He had begun, absorbed His attention.

"Now, beloved," we imagine Him to have said, "you see by the prophecies and the wonderful fulfilment of them, that I have performed My Father's will and purpose. I have told you what you have to do, and of the reward that awaits you in the home that I go to prepare for you."

Eagerly they listened to every word He spoke, and the great plan became clearer to their minds. While they are absorbed, and their souls are aroused with new hope and enthusiasm, they are startled by a mighty illumination, and He utters His final command—"And behold I send the promise of My Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."

Then for the last time—how sacredly solemn—He lays His hands upon them and blesses them, and then He rises gradually from their midst, and passes into the opening heavens, with His hands still extended and downward, so that their last glimpse beheld His real attitude towards His children—that of blessing.

The loss of His presence at Calvary had filled them with doubt, and gloom, and discouragement, and fear; but His departure into heaven filled them with abounding joy, for they now understood that He had a purpose, and that He was able to perform it.

The clear midnight air carried the echoes of their singing across the mountain crest and down into the valley below, as they retraced their steps to the "upper room" in the city. They remembered His promise, and knew He would fulfil it. Time was not a factor in this transaction, where God was to bestow that qualification without which they knew they could not fulfil the great mission He—whom they loved so much—had entrusted to them. That prayer meeting was not the cut-and-dried, conventional, time-limited affair that is to be too often associated with that term in these days. How they waited—how they held on day after day—how they put God to the test—aye, and how they triumphed! When the work of preparation was completed, and they were made fit temples for the indwelling of the promised Comforter, then the cloven tongues of fire descended, and they realized that a new and mighty power had permeated their natures, and God, the Holy Ghost, had ascended the throne of each heart.

The first public gathering in the new era manifested the great things that had taken place, for three thousand consciences were pricked—and three thousand souls won for God.

Then followed those years of glorious service, the results of which astonished hell, and gladdened heaven. A few years later this received further impetus from Paul, who carried the transforming power into the provinces, and then into Europe. His converts rolled it on, and right down through succeeding generations the hidden majestic force—which none can see, but whose effects became more startling every day—which is producing mighty transformations in the remotest corners of the earth, is fast making the kingdoms of this world the kingdom of our Christ for ever.

Here the complete chain penetrates the vista of the future as does the first that of the past. But it has neither beginning nor ending. What greater evidence of a ruling Providence, and a God full of compassion, could be asked than the existence of these mighty links? If Christmas has been largely a meaningless festival, and but a season of mere sensual enjoyment to any who read these lines, surely you have but to ponder the meaning of this chain, and the unfathomable love of the Heart that designed it, to cause all that is noblest and best in you to arise and adore Him—whose coming should mean so much to you personally—as that your voice shall echo the deep joy and worship of your soul, and you find yourself absorbed in the praise and harmony of the angelic chorus—

"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, goodwill to men!"

Mohammedanism is monotheistic, no doubt, and its strength lies here; but the essence of the Christian or even the Old Testament conception of God does not lie in its mere monotheism, but in the moral idea of the God who is one. In the Koran there are ninety-nine epithets applied to God, called "beautiful names," but that of "Father" is not among them.

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The War Cry.

PRINTED FOR EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioness of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, and the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Horn, at the Salvation Army Printing House, at Albert Street, Toronto, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in 15 pages, or inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

All communications on matters referring to subscriptions, donations and change of address, should be addressed to THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

All cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to EVANGELINE BOOTH.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Capt. Shanley, G.B.M. Work, Pacific Province, to be ENSIGN.

Lieut. J. Harding, Newfoundland, to be Captain.

Lieut. A. Mercer, Newfoundland, to be Captain.

Lieut. L. Ridout, Newfoundland, to be Captain.

Lieut. Samuel French, Newfoundland, to be Captain.

Lieut. Burt, Newfoundland, to be Captain.

Lieut. Burry, Newfoundland, to be Captain.

Lieut. A. Summers, Newfoundland, to be Captain.

Appointments—

ENSIGN PARSONS, late on furlough, to Chatham, N.B.

ADJT. GOSLING, Greenspond, Nfld., to Port Simpson (Indian Work).

Marriage—

Capt. Andrew Kirk, who came out from Yarmouth, N.S., 8.11.98, and is now stationed at Sydney, C.B., to Capt. Amy Harding, who came out from Yarmouth, N.S., 9.7.00, and last on furlough, by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, 26.11.03, at Sydney, C.B.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioness.

Editorial.

1904.

New-Year is a customary time of beginnings. With the departure of the old and the commencement of the New Year it is natural for men to reflect on the past and resolve for the future. Therefore, it is quite in order for us to lay special importance on our watchnight service, and to make the most of such a suitable occasion to press upon men the importance of choosing the right road for 1904.

The past is immutable. What has been done cannot be altered: unkind words cannot be recalled; uncharitable actions cannot be undone, and a misspent year cannot be redeemed, although we may to some extent modify the consequences of these by our future conduct. Forgiveness we may obtain for the past, but the immediate future is plastic before us and awaits to receive the moulding influence of our action. What the future itself may hold for us is hidden—kindly hidden by divine wisdom, but it is ours to choose by which door we will step into the New Year. Shall it be by the plain door of duty, at the entrance of which Christ stands, inviting us with pleading accents, or shall it be by the easier road of indulgence, to which the Prince of this World so successfully directs the steps of the multitude? This one is the most attractive and gives us promise of immediate enjoyment, while the former one entails sacrifice, misunderstanding, firmness, and toil. It does not simply mean the giving up of intoxicating drink and tobacco, and the saying of "Lord, Lord!" but it means a daily choosing of the right, although it may pinch in the sorest place. It means not a beautifully-worded testimony and the pulling-up of our skirts lest we should soil them, but a doing of the right without applause, and a roll-

ing-up of sleeves to do that which frequently only brings scorn; but it means also a clean conscience, a peaceful mind, a warm heart, and the blessedly-tangible companionship of Jesus Christ along the path that looks otherwise thorny and plain.

The Commissioner's Recovery.

It will afford our readers much satisfaction to learn that Miss Booth is making continued progress in her recovery. She has been able to sit up for short periods, and will, by the time this appears in print, have removed from the Headquarters building to her home, where we have every hope to expect her convalescence to be more rapid still. Although in a weak state, the Commissioner has not been able to content herself without taking some active part in the important business of the Territory, and has personally interested herself in the arrangements for Christmas cheer provided to her own officers, as well as that for poor families and children in the city. Nothing seems to be so helpful to her gaining strength as the ability to do something to lessen others' sorrow and increase others' welfare. Thousands of hearts will unite at this season in fervent prayer on behalf of our beloved leader.

War on Objectionable Posters.

For some years efforts have been made in many cities to enact and enforce legislation against the posting of indecent theatrical bills, which have been offensive to every clean-minded person. With much reason this agitation has recently also included posters depicting scenes of violence and crime, as these bills and dime novels are chiefly responsible for setting up false ideals of heroes in the youthful reader, and is directly responsible for the increase of youthful criminals. We hail with satisfaction the new custom regulation which has been amended so that all objectionable posters can be prohibited altogether from entering the Dominion.

Item 636 of Schedule C of the Customs Tariff Act includes in the list of prohibited goods "books, printed paper, drawings, paintings, prints, photographs, or representations of any kind of a treasonable, or seditious, or of an immoral, or indecent character."

The amendment to the Customs Tariff Act, assented to on Oct. 24th last, includes the following:

Item 636 in Schedule C of the Customs Tariff Act is amended by adding at the end thereof the following words: "Also posters and handbills depicting scenes of crime or violence."

Now it will only be possible to put up "made in Canada" posters of this nature, or such as may be brought in other than through the Customs Office, but even these can be prohibited by a city-by-law, which can be passed under an Act passed by the legislature.

We are still more pleased to note that the Act has been already enforced with good effect in a number of instances.

Brigadier Collier at Peterboro.

Brigadier Collier spent the past week-end at Peterboro. In spite of a storm, good crowds attended the meetings and nine souls sought salvation. A special appeal was made on Sunday afternoon for the winter's coal and light, and over \$70 were given for this purpose.

Hamilton Barracks Re-Opened.

In spite of the very disagreeable weather on Saturday night, and the intense cold on Sunday, a goodly crowd of people attended the re-opening services last week-end, conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering. The Brigadier excelled himself, and Mrs. Pickering's singing was enjoyed by all. Six souls sought the Lord, and we had over \$50 income for the week-end. Full report following.—Adj. McHarg.

Territorial Newslets.

Through the kindly consideration on the part of the Commissioner, a staff of busy workers is engaged in the making of garments, which will be forwarded to different parts of the Territory this Christmastide. Major Stewart and her Staff are to be complimented on their excellent work.

A Siche Gas plant has been put in the composing room on trial. That particular spot at the present looks the brighter for the innovation.

The S. A. photographer had an unusually attractive crowd to pose before his camera this week—a group of officers who took part in an International Rescue Demonstration.

We overheard the Trade Secretary telling the Editor that orders for the Christmas Cry were coming in splendidly. Another Lieutenant came rushing in for "another hundred," although previously the order at his particular corps had been largely increased.

From our brave officers, Ensign Hellman and Lieut. Knorr, of Skagway, Ala., comes the news that the crowds attending our meetings there are splendid, and that a number of good cases of conversion have taken place of late.

It is a great satisfaction to know that the special number has given such general pleasure and satisfaction, and gives the Editor and his staff encouragement to make a try to do even better next time.

Major Howell called in on his way from Bermuda, after conducting an excellent series of meetings in the Isle of the Lily and the Onion. Over seventy men and women came to the mercy seat, and altogether the Major tells us the prospects of Army work there are most encouraging.

The Siege seems to be going well throughout the Territory. On an ordinary Sunday at the Temple, for example, over twenty souls sought the blessing and salvation.

The father of Ensign Easton has passed away. To the latter and the bereaved we extend our sincere sympathies and prayers.

At the present time the officers of each department of the work in Montreal, from the Provincial Officer, Brigadier Turner, down, are working at high pressure in connection with the feeding and clothing of the destitute this Christmastide. The city is thoroughly organized, by a visitation relief committee, and the most degraded, neglected, deserted, and destitute our officers there can find are being supplied with tickets. They have formed their plans to cater for 5,000 persons, but from present indications those to receive aid are likely to exceed even this number, providing sufficient money comes in to cover the expenses of looking after such a great crowd. Wednesday, Dec. 23rd, was the date for giving out the baskets, and Monday, Dec. 28th, was "Children's Day."

At the Territorial Centre Brigadier Southall is "as busy as a bee," attending to the great Christmas feed in Toronto. To his offices, up to date, we have directed from the Editorial Offices a large number of enquiring and deserving women and children. \$75 was put in the collecting boxes in a few hours on the streets. The Salvation Army, on behalf of the poor, appreciate the generosity of its many friends.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin has returned from Newfoundland and the East, where he has been visiting as the Commissioner's representative. The Colonel is much encouraged with the outlook. He will not soon forget the soul-inspiring seasons he spent, and the whole-hearted spirit of our comrades. The condition of our work, and the bright prospects for the future, far exceed his highest expectations.

The Territorial Staff Band about this season of the year give a musical service at the Toronto Asylum. This year the event took place on the night of Dec. 16th, when a little pleasure was given to the inmates. By none is music more appreciated. The staff of the Asylum were extremely courteous and appreciative of the effort made.

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God's Beginnings.

BY THE GENERAL.

COMRADES AND FRIENDS.—How interesting a new beginning always is! Whether it be of a world or a tree, a river or a road, a house or a city, a man or a nation—the beginning of things has a charm and an attraction all its own.

I remember the last time I sailed through the Red Sea, with its strange surroundings, how my thoughts wandered away to the humble beginnings of God's ancient people—the Jews. All around me were reminders of the mighty land of Egypt, the home of the Pharaohs. A few miles across the sandy plains stand the great Pyramids, silent testimonies to the grandeur that has now passed away. The Quails, descendants of similar creatures as those on which the Israelites fed in the wilderness so many thousands of years ago, were there, massed in such multitudes against the skyline as to present the appearance of walls of glistening ice, while here and there the Arab sons of Ishmael stood in placid indifference, watching the great ship pass.

The Beginning of a Nation.

Looking back, in imagination, over the years that have since rolled by, I see again the flowing Nile, and the Royal Princess gazing with tender sympathy on the weeping Moses in his bulrush cradle, while his mother, with palpitating heart, watches the result of her ingenious stratagem for the preservation of her darling boy. And then I watch, with growing interest, the progress of the future prophet, as he passes on from infancy to childhood, and from youth to manhood, until he stands, expectant under the gilded wings of royalty on the steps of the mightiest throne the world contains.

And then I see the sons and daughters of Abraham groaning beneath the weight of their burdens, despised by their cruel taskmasters, a multitude of helpless slaves without a leader to voice their miseries or attempt their deliverance.

God Sees.

But God is looking down upon them with His great compassion. He has set His heart, not only on effecting their freedom, but on moulding them into a nation that shall worthily represent Him to the world, make known His mind and character to its inhabitants, and that shall last as long as the sun and moon endure.

For the leadership of this stupendous undertaking, Moses was selected by Jehovah. But before he can fill this position and discharge this duty he must come down from his exalted place in the world and live a humble and lowly life. To him God seems to say, "I want to make you the founder of a great nation, but I can do nothing with you up there among all that luxury and pomp. My plan is to begin at the foot of the ladder. I do not make saviours out of Pharaohs; shepherds are better suited to my purpose."

So Moses has to come down from his high estate, and sojourn in the wilderness, and when qualified by hardship and poverty, God made him the leader in the visitation, out of which came the Jewish nation. How great the nation was when in its glory that came about in this humble fashion, we do not appreciate, because we do not know; and how mighty it is yet destined to become, we cannot measure, because we do not foresee.

Another Beginning.

Then, when that nation proved unfaithful to its mission, and forsook the service of the King of kings, He cast it aside, as has ever been His usage, and made another. Defeated, He does not abandon His purpose; He begins again.

The birthplace of another beginning is not very far away from the scene of the former. If we travel only some hundred miles, as the crow flies, across the sandy plains, we come to the little village of Bethlehem—wonderfully fascinating spot! There, two thousand years ago, to an insignificant group of shepherds, watching their flocks by night, the heavenly hosts announced the coming event. As I strain my eyes,

I can even now in imagination catch the shimmer of the angels' snow-white wings, and as I strain my ear, I hear the dying echo of their celestial song, as they chant "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men."

And as those angels announced, so it came to pass, for in that unknown village, crowded out of the public inn into a common stable, in poverty and obscurity, was the beginning of the Kingdom that was yet to fill the world with the glory of Jehovah, to people heaven with happy inhabitants, and to last for evermore.

Other Beginnings.

There have been other beginnings since then. When God's Kingdom has seemed to be on the verge of destruction, and the cause of truth and righteousness has seemed to come to its last gasp; when darkness has overspread the lowering skies, and devils have anticipated their final triumph, God has ever been in the habit of beginning again. But it has always, or almost always, been on the shepherd, and village, and stable, and manger plan.

Was it not so, my comrades, with the Salvation Army? Its commencement was not with the flourish of trumpets, the booming of guns, the benediction of high-placed dignitaries, or the patronage of the great ones of the earth. Your General had to go down to the foot of the ladder and begin like Moses, with the poorest of the poor, and the lowest of the low. On that humble level, following in his Master's footsteps, he trod the winepress of sin and sorrow and shame alone; the rich and the noble, both in church and state, in complete indifference, if not in absolute contempt passing him by on the other side.

A New People.

It was a long and weary struggle, but Jehovah, the great "I AM" of Moses, and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, was with him. It was the day of small and feeble things, that is, it was Bethlehem, with its stable and manger dispensation over again. But out of this humble beginning God is making a new people whose influence has already reached to the ends of the earth, and whose power to bless and whose numbers to serve must go on advancing till time shall be no more.

Then, when I look and think on these things, my mind wanders away to other lands, and dwells with thanksgiving and gratitude on similar Salvation Army doings, each commenced after this Bethlehem fashion. And then it falls upon what appears to me to be other works and wonders no less remarkable in character, that is, the beginning of the Kingdom of Heaven in the hearts of many of my own dear people.

Personal Beginnings.

My comrades, while you read these lines, does your mind go back to those early-day beginnings? Who and what were you then in yourself? Who could conceive that any notable destiny or any influential position lay before you? Neither you nor yours either believed in the former or expected the latter. You were even as a shepherd. Yours was the Bethlehem, stable, and manger life; and, so far as you see or believe, it was not likely ever to be anything more.

But behold to what, and what you have already attained! What a wonderful assurance of being a son of Jehovah has possession of your innermost soul, and what an exalted position you occupy as an ambassador of Christ and a messenger of the most high God. Well may you exclaim in grateful wonder and praise, "What hath God wrought!"

More Beginnings.

But I have not done. My mind still wanders anxiously to and fro. There is someone else for whom I have a message. Who is that someone? My friend, here you are; I want to speak to you.

You have only just come from the mercy seat; light has only just dawned on your darkened

spirit, and the first words of peace are still sounding in your soul; anyway, you have only just crossed the threshold of the Kingdom, and just been sworn-in under the Yellow, Red, and Blue, and yet your soul is already moved by an unutterable desire, a beaming hope and an irrepressible impulse to do something worthy of yourself, worthy of your General, worthy of your Lord. But you are checked, held back by an inward whisper born of your own shrinking nature, and which timidly asks, "Who am I, or what my father's house, that I should be of any service to the poor sinning, suffering world?"

Let me answer that enquiry. True, oh true, beyond all question, true; but, my brother, my sister, do not despair. Look up, look beyond the present hour. You have only arrived at Bethlehem as yet. This is the village, the stable, the manger dispensation. Don't lose heart. The angels are still singing. Can you not hear the anthem? The burden of the song is the same as they sang on the Bethlehem Christmas morning. Great things, even the glory of the highest God, and the salvation of the lowest men are still coming out of the poorest means, and most despised circumstances, even as they were two thousand years ago. Look up, be not afraid. Who can tell what part you have to play in the realization of these wonderful things?

New Beginnings.

But new beginnings are still needed. God only knows how great are the necessities of today. A successful career, either of an individual, a brigade, a corps, a division, a province, a territory, or an entire Army, is made up of repeated "New Beginnings."

Can you not make this New Year festival the occasion for a new start? You see the need in many directions, and, as I have said, I am sure God does. Come along and dash out. As our dear Lord made a new beginning by leaving His heaven and coming down into our poor desolate world, let us go out further and go down deeper than ever we have done before, and let us go out, and go down to win.

Some of you have excused yourselves from attempting new beginnings in the past on the ground of difficulties. You have difficulties in your own hearts, in your own failures, in your health and circumstances. You have difficulties in your comrades—comrades above or comrades beneath; in short, all sorts of barriers, and obstacles, and impossibilities seem to stand between you and the success you desire. But, taken altogether, they only make up the old Bethlehem, stable, and manger dispensation over again. So look up, my comrades, and begin again, not only casting from you all fear of Bethlehem hardships, Herod persecutions, Wilderness temptations, Gethsemane agonies, and even the shame and suffering and dying of the cross.

Once More.

Then there is another "New Beginning," more glorious and wonderful than all that have gone before, for every faithful soldier of Jesus Christ. The beginning of the enjoyment of the celestial inheritance. But it can only be reached after the same fashion. The road to it leads through a dark and lonely valley, and dark and lonely that valley is.

There is the mortal disease—the darkened chamber—the painful parting—the last struggle—the mournful funeral—the deep, cold grave—and the weeping and wailing of the broken hearts that stand by its side.

The infidel world loudly says, and our poor trembling hearts sometimes whisper in harmony with it, "What good can possibly come out of all this?" Put all thought of it away, live as if it were not, and fight against it when it draws nigh.

And yet here again we have the same principle at work, for does not this valley of the shadow lead to the pearly gates, the jasper walls, the golden streets, the sea of light, the tree of life, the blood-washed friends who have gone before the throne of God, and all the infinitely blessed enjoyments and employments of our everlasting heaven?

It is, as I have said, the old principle over again. It is by the Bethlehem stable and manger track that we reach our eternal Home. Beginning at the cross we travel to the crown.

Comrades and friends, I send you my New Year blessing.

for animation and six for hellness.—Dixie 1.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin in the East.

The General Secretary Visits St. John, Glace Bay, North Sydney, Halifax, New Glasgow and Fredericton.

"The visit of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin to the Eastern Province has been an unqualified success in every way. Great crowds have attended their meetings at each place, although weather, roads, and strikes were against crowds coming. Officers, soldiers, and friends gave the distinguished visitors a great welcome at each corps. A number of souls found Christ. Four officers' councils were held at North Sydney, Halifax, Springhill, and St. John. The practical, well-thought-out subjects were very much appreciated by the officers. As representatives of the Field Commissioner they have endeared themselves to all, and there is a standing invitation to return to each corps visited, and all are loud in their praises and thankful to the Field Commissioner for arranging this visit.—J. D. Sharp, Lieut.-Colonel."

A Good Start at St. John I.

For some considerable time we have been looking forward to the visit of the General Secretary, and our expectations have been fully met as to the tone and effect of his meetings. The Lieut.-Colonel, accompanied by his esteemed wife, arrived late on Saturday evening at the "White House." Sunday morning a nice crowd gathered to the holiness meeting, which was a time of refreshing to many a soul—straight, definite testimonies on the line of the blessing of a clean heart, a solo from Mrs. Gaskin, and some straight red-hot Gospel truth, urging halting and faltering ones to an immediate surrender. The Colonel, after a few remarks on the possibilities of possessing a clean heart, read to us the story of Elisha. Many striking truths were given, hearts searched, and hidden sins revealed. Three souls fully surrendered.

A rousing open-air meeting preceded the afternoon's meeting. Returning to the hall we found a nice crowd awaiting our coming, and as Lieut.-Colonel Sharp lined out the first song, "Oh, how happy are we," if faces were any index to happiness possessed, then the St. John comrades have a goodly portion. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp introduced Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin, who, in his able and masterly manner, spoke of their appreciation in being in our midst. Mrs. Gaskin solved and gave an earnest appeal for the immediate surrender to God. The Colonel, in an able manner delivered the truth.

A large crowd and an attentive one, came to the evening meeting. Mrs. Gaskin soloed again, and urged the claims of Christ upon all. The Colonel's subject was "A Forgotten Dream." In a few minutes all were intently listening. Hidden sins were unearthed, haekidings revealed, and souls, to the number of six, cried for mercy.

Full of expectant faith, twenty-eight officers met for the council, conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, in the Evangeline Home, on Monday afternoon. On his entry he received an Eastern welcome. "Builders and Building," was the topic, from which the Colonel drew some striking illustrations, and in a masterly manner handled the subject, evidencing care and thought bestowed upon the same. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, had arranged for an officers' tea, at which everyone present enjoyed themselves.

The lecture, entitled, "Queer Fish," brought a real good house, in spite of the counter attractions in the city. As the Colonel related incident after incident the audience was in convulsions of laughter, and at other times their deepest emotions were stirred.—W. T.

A Profitable Visit to Glace Bay.

We have been honored by a visit from Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin, ably assisted by our esteemed Provincial leader, Lieut.-Colonel Sharp.

The long-looked-for visit brought with it blessings which cannot be described. From morning till night God's presence was with us.

"Glimpses of Royalty" was the afternoon subject. The meeting was one of power, in which our souls were lifted heavenward, and with the eyes of faith we beheld the glories of the Celestial City.

A large crowd gathered at night in the Citadel to hear the Colonel. As the truths fell from the General Secretary's lips they were eagerly drunk in by the people. The meeting was owned and blessed of God. The hearts of the people were made glad over seeing precious souls kneeling at the mercy seat crying for mercy and pardon.

Monday night's meeting was one which will

live long in the memory of the people. The Colonel lectured on "Queer Fish, and How They are Caught." In the course of his talk he told of a number of queer fish, and how they had been caught, which caused the people to laugh, but went on to show the power of Almighty God, and how the Salvation Army had got hold of such cases.

Tuesday, all the officers of North Sydney and Glace Bay Districts gathered together at North Sydney for council. The council was one of blessing, in which the Colonel gave us a very encouraging, as well as instructive, talk.

The people of this community have simply fallen in love with the Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin, and in wishing them success in their work, and God's blessing, extend a hearty invitation to come again at an early date.—Harold J. Ritchie.

New Glasgow Turned Out Well.

The visit of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin, General Secretary, to New Glasgow was a welcome blessing. The snow had fallen fast all day, and at meeting-time some four or five inches were on the ground, and still it was snowing. But this did not deter the coming of the people, who were bent on hearing the Colonel's lecture, "Queen Fish, and How They are Caught." The house was nicely filled. Colonel Sharp presided. Ensign Hudson read a welcome address. Mrs. Gaskin sang beautifully. The Colonel's lecture was really far more than we had expected. At times one was forced to hold their sides, then again tears would steal down the face and be brushed shyly away. We wish soon to have another visit from Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin.—G. Hudson, Ensign.

Officers' Council at Halifax I.

Adj. Williams had everyone on the tip-toe of excitement, selling tickets, and making announcements, etc., regarding the visit of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin.

The Lieut.-Colonel led the officers' council in the afternoon, when all the city officers were present. We had a real spiritual down-pour. The Lieut.-Colonel offered, during his discourse, to answer any questions that were written out and handed to him before the meeting. A few officers availed themselves of this. Someone was trying to puzzle the Colonel by asking him what about the lost half tribe of Manasseh. But the Colonel answered this and other questions in a satisfactory fashion, and then launched out on a real spiritual banquet of sound logic, which could not fail to benefit each one present. He also kindly referred to our Commissioner in her recent sorrow, and at the invitation of Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, we unanimously request Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin to extend to the Commissioner on their return our heart-felt sympathy.

Mrs. Gaskin very feelingly spoke to us also. The officers' tea, which followed, was quite a feast. A table the whole length of the junior hall was loaded down with the fat of the land. Needless to say, we did justice to all the good things provided.

Although the weather was bad, it did not hinder a large crowd of people from coming to hear the Lieut.-Colonel's lecture. Our worthy P. O., Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, introduced Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin in a very pleasing manner, which surely must have made them feel that they were among a warm-hearted lot of friends. Adj. Williams also read an address of welcome on behalf of Halifax Salvationists.

Mrs. Gaskin sang to us one of her choice solos, and also made some very pleasing remarks about the east, and the city of Halifax in particular.

Then came the Colonel's splendid lecture. Sometimes we were spreading our faces with laughter, other times lost in wonder and deep silence at what God had done. The Lieut.-Colonel spoke from experience, as a good part of his Army warfare was spent in London.

We finished up at a late hour, but scarcely a soul left the hall until the close, which goes to prove that Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin's visit was appreciated.—Burning Bush.

Fredericton's Success.

We were recently favored by a flying visit from the General Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin. The meeting had been well announced by Ensign Bowering, of the local corps, and his aides, and a goodly number assembled to hear the Colonel's lecture.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, our worthy Provincial Officer, also Capt. Riley, accompanied the Colonel. The musical quartet (string), composed of Capt. Urquhart, Riley, and Crossman, and Ensign Lamont, pleased the audience very much. Ensign Bowering read, on behalf of Fredericton Corps and District, an address of welcome to the visitors to the capital of New Brunswick. The Colonel replied and thanked the people, after which Mrs. Gaskin came to the front with a beautiful solo, accompanying herself on the guitar. She also spoke words of cheer and blessing to the comrades, and hope and warning to the sinners.

The Colonel told of many queer kinds of fish and their particular peculiarities, and proceeded to apply them to people and illustrate with incidents which occurred in the Old Land. As he told the stories, and the people were influenced to laugh and cry in turns, we concluded that indeed God does use the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. The lecture, which lasted an hour and a quarter, was broken at intervals by a solo from Capt. Long, of Woodstock, and a duet on violin and guitar by Capt. Urquhart and Riley.

We were all satisfied that it had been a good meeting, and the people of Fredericton unanimously invite Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin to be sure and come again should they be around this section.—Didymus.

Petrolia's Thirty-Two.

Captain DeBow and I spent a very happy and profitable ten days in Petrolia. We were most impressed with the beautiful new citadel and quarters attached, which has just recently been erected and opened for the glory of God. The building will seat 300, and on Sunday night this was packed, and a number turned away. Over two thousand in all attended the meetings during the campaign. One brother walked a number of miles to get to one meeting, and said he would walk twenty-five to hear us.

We had thirty-two souls in all, and every one had to be fought for. Twenty-four of these were for pardon, twenty recruits were enrolled, and four put on the junior roll. Our last meeting was an affecting time. Adj. and Mrs. Cameron spoke for the corps, S.-M. Churchill for the locals, Mrs. Bryson for the converts, and Bro. Downer for the friends.

It delighted my heart to see Mrs. Bryson still in the fight. She was saved at my first visit to Petrolia, about four years ago. We were hospitably entertained by Adj. and Mrs. Cameron, who looked well after our temporal needs. Their home is a little Bethel. Then we feel indebted to the soldiers and friends as well for their kindness.

It was my pleasure to dedicate to God and the flag little David Churchill son of the Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Churchill. We pray he may grow up to be a man after God's own heart.

Petrolia is quite a busy centre. There are about seven thousand oil wells in the district, some of them being nearly 1,000 feet deep, the cost of a well being about \$500. We left quite early on Tuesday morning for the Territorial Centre. A number of soldiers and friends came to the train to say a last good-bye. Of course Adj. and Mrs. Cameron were there.

The Adjutant makes a good spiritual nurse. Some time ago I spent ten happy days with him, and not one of the converts were lost by him. We trust he shall have a similar experience at Petrolia with the converts.—Yours under the Blood-and-Fire, J. S. Pugmire, Lieut.-Colonel.

International And League of

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Japan (Ensign verbal spirit of had awakened fr on doing so ha nations possesser the Salvation A realm. Though

International Rescue Troupe And League of Mercy at Esther St. Corps.

The visit of the International Troupe, under the command of Mrs. Brigadier Southall, had been anticipated with much interest, and those who made an effort to be present at their first meeting were quite satisfied that they got their money's worth.

As will be judged by the title, the purpose of the troupe is associated with the Rescue work, and it is hoped by this means to give some information concerning this branch of the work in many lands, and also to provide some money for the car fares of the members of the League of Mercy, who visit the different institutions in the city.

Mrs. Southall explained the object of the visit, after which the troupe sang a verse and the chorus of the well-known Army song, "All round the world the Army chariot rolls."

America (Ensign French) was the first to be called upon, and to represent the Army work in her country. She did credit to the opportunity, as well as to the solo she sang later on.

India (Mrs. Brown) had a very interesting story to tell of the Army work in that country.

Australia (Mrs. Symington) demonstrated the significance of the Army's operations in that

already been the means of inducing the Parliament to enact a law that was having a beneficent influence upon the young people of to-day, and would affect millions in years to come.

Space will not permit mentioning separately the interesting and practical speeches given by the League of Mercy members who visit the various institutions of the city. It was a splendid evidence of the efficacious influence of the power of true religion to comfort the sorrowful, to break the (moral) chains of the oppressed, and destroy the power of sin. The testimony of various members, backed by actual incidents of dark lives brightened by Gospel light, sounded like another chapter from the Acts of the Apostles. Indeed is it not another chapter? Let anyone who wishes to decide for themselves ascertain where the next meeting is to be held, and make it a point to be present.

Mrs. Brigadier Southall gave some interesting information of the Women's Social Work in Canada, and the recent developments and extensions that were being made. She cited some pathetic incidents that had been brought to her notice. Two different cities in the Dominion had approached the Commissioner with regard to having such provision made in connection with the Women's Social Work as that the Army could take charge of female prisoners.

The meeting throughout was full of interest.

pecially his evening subject, "The Roll Call." The visible results were eight souls seeking forgiveness. The special features of the day were the testimonies of a number of last Sunday's converts, which were very cheering. The singing of the Male Quartet and the splendid band selections also deserve special mention. Mrs. Brigadier Southall, the Women's Social Secretary, was to have been with us, but owing to sickness in the family that privilege was denied us.

One of the week-night meetings was conducted by "Captain" McCartney and "Lieutenant" Trewin. Sergt.-Major McCartney, as he is best known, in the course of one of his talks, mentioned that salvation was worth having, and salvation has certainly done a lot for him.—W. C. A.

The Chancellor Visits Bermuda.

Major and Mrs. Howell have conducted a special campaign in Bermuda. Their visit to St. George's was a pronounced success. The welcome meeting was splendid, and Sunday, all day, couldn't have been better. The music was appreciated, collections good, and best of all seven souls gave the seal of God's approval. The musical meeting on Sunday night was a record-breaker. The Hamilton and St. George's bands were present and did yeoman service. The various selections showed good training, and reflected great credit on Bandmaster Simmons and the players. The Major and "Davie" excelled themselves. St. George's is all right. Ensign Andrews and Capt. Holden have things well in hand.

The welcome meeting at Somerset was the best that has ever been held there in point of crowds and interest. The Manchester Unity Hall had been taken for the meeting, and the Captain wondered if the people would come, as it was in an entirely new location; but the crowd was all right, also the interest and collection, and three souls saved at the finish was the best of all. Hallelujah! Capt. Hebb and Lieut. Berry are doing well, and quite a number are joining the ranks. Although the moving of troops will affect this place, as well as St. George's, yet their loss will not be a loss to the Army, only a shifting of locality, as new ones will be coming in.

The Major also conducted a great Hallelujah wedding in the Army barracks at Hamilton. The hall was filled and everything went well. The order was first class. Capt. and Mrs. McWilliams received the congratulations of all.

Major and Mrs. Howell and a crowd of soldiers drove from Hamilton to Southampton, through pouring rain. Somerset also sent their contingent, but on account of the unfavorable weather our attendance was small.

A nice crowd at Somerset, on Friday, greeted the Major. His subject was, "Twenty Years on Two Continents." Two souls sought salvation.

The week-end at Hamilton was a good one. On Saturday night three souls knelt at the penitent form—a sailor, a soldier, and a drunkard. Sunday's meetings were seasons of refreshing at the holiness meeting. Two came to Christ for cleansing. In the afternoon ten Siege soldiers were enrolled, and at night we had an enrolment of Locals and two souls.

Major and Mrs. Howell's visit has brought inspiration and blessing to all.

The Editor at Lippincott.

On Sunday, Dec. 6th, we were favored with a visit from Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, Editor of the War Cry. At eleven o'clock the Colonel's subject, "The Great Trio," was both instructive and inspiring. In the afternoon the Colonel gave us an address on the Salvation Army work among the Indians of Alaska, which captivated the audience. At night many hearts were touched by the Spirit of God, as the Colonel showed the emptiness and dissatisfaction of living for this life only, and one brother, who had been a backslider for many years, gave himself to God. Lippincott corps would welcome Colonel and Mrs. Friedrich back again at an early date. God is mightily blessing us of late, and during the past fortnight about forty souls have sought salvation.—Ensign and Mrs. Howell.



International Rescue Groups at the Demonstration conducted by Mrs. Brigadier Southall.

country, stating that its influence was second to none from a religious and sociological standpoint.

Great Britain (Capt. Russell) had a stirring story to tell, of course. With pride she spoke of her fifty children throughout the world, and of the splendid work they were accomplishing.

The next number was well received, being a song sung by five children from the Children's Shelter, after which Ensign Crocker spoke of the beneficent work that was being done for the little ones.

Canada (Capt. Cann) had something to say that was particularly interesting to us. We realized in some measure the far-reaching influence of the Army's operations, as she spoke of the varied character of the work.

Sweden (Capt. Lemon) gave us some interesting information concerning her country. From the small acorn planted by the Chief of the Staff, on a visit there twenty years ago, had grown the oak of to-day, under whose branches many are finding a place of refuge and shelter.

Japan (Ensign Easton) manifested her proverbial spirit of enterprise by telling us that she had awakened from the lethargy of the past, and on doing so had chosen the best things other nations possessed. Accordingly she had given the Salvation Army a prominent place in her realm. Though

and most instructive, while its tale of redemption and blessing, and its practical results in bestowing benefits—spiritual and temporal—upon the nations, caused our hearts to swell in gratitude to Him who is the Giver, as well as to the channel through which He chooses to bestow the gift.

Brigadier Southall at the Temple.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Coombs have taken charge of the Temple, and we are pleased to report that a general advance has been made. Sunday, Dec. 6th, was a day of victory. There were souls at every meeting, until we counted thirty men and women seeking salvation and sanctification. Great joy was brought to our hearts, as we saw several volunteers for Christ, one man even making his way over the seas. The soldiers, in their testimonies, spoke of bright and happy experiences, and made earnest appeals to the unsaved. Bro. Darby sang, and Sec. Cranfield and Band-Sergt. Wm. Lang treated us to one of their splendid duets. Such good singing is always appreciated.

The following Sunday Brigadier Southall, the Special Efforts' Secretary, was in command. In spite of the cold and stormy day, splendid crowds attended and the Brigadier's addresses were interesting, searching, and revealing, es-

splendid lecture, giving our faces with wonder and deep joy. The Lieutenant, as a good part in London, but, but scarcely a rose, which goes to Mrs. Gaskin's and Mrs. Bush.

success.

by a flying visit of Lieut.-Colonel and had been well on of the local corps, member assembled to

worthy Provincial accompanied the Col- (ring), composed of Crossman, and dience very much. half of Frederick ss of welcome to New Brunswick, nked the people, to the front with ing herself on the ds of cheer and ps and warning

ucer kinds of fish es, and proceeded illustrate with in- Old Land. As he vere influenced to eluded that indee s of the world to ture, which lasted oken at intervals Woodstock, and Cpts. Urquhart

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Our last meet- Adj. and Mrs. S.-M. Churchill or the convert-

s. Mrs. Bryson still my first visit to We were hos- Mrs. Cameron, temporal needs. Then we feel ends as well for

to God and the of the Sergeant- e pray he may's own heart.

tre. There are in the district, o feet deep, the

We left quite the Territorial and friends came ye. Of course were.

spiritual nurse. days with him, re lost by him. r experience at rs under the Lieut.-Colonel.

Songs of the Week.

The Cross and Crown.

Tunes.—*I am clinging to the cross* (N.B.B. 37);
I'm satisfied with Jesus here.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for everyone,
And there's a crown for me.

Chorus.

I am clinging to the cross;
Or,
I'm satisfied with Jesus here.

The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

Testimony.

F. IBBOTSON, TEMPLE.

Tunes.—*'Tis rolling in; We're sure to win*
(N.B.B. 127).

2 I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend,
Since I believed, since I believed.
On Him I surely can depend,
Since I believed, since I believed.
In confidence I follow on,
I conquer as I march along,
And victory has been my song,
Since I believed, since I believed.

I now have perfect peace within,
Since I believed, since I believed.
I'm saved from all my guilt and sin.
Since I believed, since I believed.
My burden has been rolled away,
My darkness all been turned to day,
I now delight to sing and pray,
Since I believed, since I believed.

I love to sing of Christ, my King,
Since I believed, since I believed.
Such joy and peace it always brings,
Since I believed, since I believed.
The world cannot such peace bestow.
With all its gaiety and show,
Within my heart 'tis heaven below.
Since I believed, since I believed.

A Joyful Noise of Testimony.

C. C. GOODA, BEDFORD.

Tunes.—*Antioch; Joy to the world, the Lord*
is come.

3 I have a Father in the skies,
His name is Love, Love, Love;
Able to make the foolish wise,
And fit to live above.

I have an Advocate with God,
And Jesus is His name;
A suffering path below He trod,
And died a death of shame.

I have a home prepared for me,
Eternal in the skies;
I shall with Jesus ever be,
And in His likeness rise.

I have a work for Him to do,
All in His strength alone;
I keep the glorious prize in view,
For He my path has shown.

I have a song of praise to sing,
A song each morning new,
The glories of my God and King,
My Lord, so kind and true.

I have a hallelujah shout,
A joyful noise of praise,
For Christ has turned the devil out,
And filled me with His grace.

Fullness of Joy.

BY C. C. GOODA, BEDFORD, ONT.

Tune.—*Swanee River.*

4 While trusting in the word of Jesus
My heart's at rest;
He from my every care releases,
His blessed will is best.
Heart sprinkled from an evil conscience,
Washed in the blood,
Fullness of joy is in God's presence,
I boldly come to God.

Chorus.

Safe at home, at home with Jesus.
Gone are my loads of care and sorrow,
Cast on the Lord;
No anxious thoughts about the morrow,
While feasting on His Word.
His Word is full of heavenly wisdom,
Full of truth and grace.
Low at His feet is my position,
Saved from a sinful race.

The Harvest is Passing.

Tunes.—*The harvest is passing; The Lion of*
Judah (N.B.B. 190).

5 Hark, sinner, while God from on high doth
entreat thee,
And warnings with accents of mercy doth
blend;

Give ear to His voice lest in judgment He meet
thee;
The harvest is passing, the summer will end.

How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told
thee!

How oft still the message of mercy doth send!
Haste, haste while He waits in His arms to
enfold thee;

The harvest is passing, the summer will end.

Despised and rejected, at length He may leave
thee—

What anguish and terror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while He will receive
thee,

The harvest is passing, the summer will end.

The Saviour will call thee in judgment before
Him,

Oh, bow to His sceptre, and make Him thy
Friend;

Now yield Him thy heart, and make haste to
adore Him,

The harvest is passing, the summer will end.

When I Survey.

Tunes.—*It was on the cross* (N.B.B. 8); *Thy*
will be done (N.B.B. 18).

6 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Are You Coming Home To-Night?

Tune.—*Are you coming home to-night?* (B.J.
367).

7 Are you coming home, ye wanderers,
Whom Jesus died to win—
All footsore, lame, and weary,
Your garments stained with sin?
Will you seek the blood of Jesus
To wash your garments white?
Will you trust His precious promise?
Are you coming home to-night?

Chorus.

Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to Jesus,
Out of darkness into light?
Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to-night?
To your loving Heavenly Father,
Are you coming home to-night?

Are you coming home, ye guilty,
Who bear the load of sin?
Outside you've long been standing,
Come now, and venture in!
Will you heed the Saviour's promise,
And dare to trust Him quite?—
"Come unto Me," saith Jesus,
Are you coming home to-night?

Salvation Choruses.

All the way to Calvary He went for me S.B.B.
Away far beyond Jordan 01
A wonderful Saviour in Jesus 01
Away over Jordan with my blessed Jesus 01
Born again (rept.), Jesus said, To must be born again 10
Boundless love beyond degree 10
But I know, I know, I shall be there 10
Come, with the Saviour, come, enter the gate 10
Come away (rept.), to the cross for refuge 10
Come away to Calvary, sinner, won't you come? 10
Calvary stream is flowing (rept.) 10
Come, sinner, Jesus calls to thee 31
Down at the Saviour's feet 31
Eternity, eternity, where will you spend eternity? 41
Eternity, eternity, happy in eternity 41
For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain 41
(or Conquering Saviour)
For you He is calling (rept.), yes, Jesus is calling 41
Going to judgment with salvation 41
Glory, He saves (rept.) 41
He's coming soon to call me 41
His blood can make the rivers clean (rept.) 41
He breaks the power of cancelled sin (rept.) 41
Hiding in Thee, my Saviour 41
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, there's no friend like Jesus 41
He pardoned a rebel like me (rept.) 41
I love Him best of all 41
I do believe it (rept.) 41
I know of a Saviour from sin (rept.) 41
I'm glad salvation's free (rept.) 41
I do believe, I will believe that Jesus died for me 41
I know (3 times) I shall be there 41
Just tell my dear old mother 41
Jesus is coming, He's coming again 41
Joy, oh, joy, behold the Saviour 41
Jesus came with peace to me 41
Jesus is calling, He's calling, He's calling 41
Jesus has redeemed me, through Him I find mercy 41
Jesus' name will soon be waiting 41
Let us take the wings of the morning 41
Leave, oh, leave your sin and sorrow 41
Leave all your guilty stains 41
Me, me He's pardoned a rebel like me 41
My sin rose as high as a mountain 41
More, more about Jesus (rept.) 41
None need perish (3 times), all may live, for Christ has died 41
Numberless as the sands on the sea shore 41
Oh, it was love, 'twas wondrous love (rept.) 41
Oh, the blood of Jesus, the precious blood of Jesus 41
Oh, the blood of Jesus cleanses sinners 41
Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord 41
Once again I charge you, stop 41
Oh, there's salvation for you 41
Oh, the blood, to me so dear 41
Oh, salvation, full and free 41
Oh, depth of mercy, can it be, that gate was left ajar for 41
me! 41
Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb 41
O sinner, what will you do when the comes? 41
Only the blood, only the blood, only the blood can save 41
Precious name, oh, how sweet! 41
Prepare me (rept.) Lord 41
Rolled away (rept.), oh, the burden of my heart 41
Room, room, room at the cross 41
Room, room, still room: oh, enter now 41
Some build their hopes on the erring sinner's hand 41
Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem 41
Salvation is the best thing in the world 41
Sinner, death to you is spending 41
Since I have been redeemed (rept.) 41
Singing glory, glory, glory be to God on high! 41
There is rest for the weary 41
There is rest for the weary 41
Turn to the Lord and seek salvation 41
The grace of God, it is so sweet (or, it found out me) 41
Then come along, sinner, don't get lost 41
Trim your lamps and be ready 41
There's mercy still for thee (rept.) 41
Then you'll weep and wish to be 41
Then you'll ever with Him be 41
This will I do (rept.), to Jesus I'll go and be saved 41
Then come, oh, come, and go with me 41
The name of this Friend do you know? 41
The wounds of Christ are open 41
They crucified Him (rept.), they nailed Him to the tree 41
There is power, power, wonder-working power 41
We'll cross the river at Jordan, happy, oh, happy 41
While the heavenly, heavenly music 41
We shall all meet again on the great judgment morning 41
White robes they wear up in glory 41
What a gathering, gathering, gathering that will be (rept.) 41
When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds 41
When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds 41
Will you be ready when the bridegroom comes? 41
Will you go (4 times), oh, yes, we will go 41
Yesterday, today, for ever, Jesus is the same 41
Yes, Jesus waits to pardon you 41
You are drifting on the ocean 41